The Girl Who Had No God

Romance of Treasure, "Conscience" and Love

- POSSESSE SERVICE SER By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

about all up."

t, 1915, by Mary Roberts Rinehart.) As she recoiled from him, he ci-PRIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. y Kingston is the leader of a gang of daring Blant erooks, whose thefts have wen them my walth and whose leader's genius has them from detection. Hilary lives in a able suburb, with his only daughter, Elinor, iri has been brought up an athetet and in list that her father commits no sin in prey-society. Huff, one of Hilary's lieutenants, pre with her. Boroday, another of the gang, a fatherly affection for her and exerts a sort constituent over the lonely girl. Ward, assist-a rector of a local church, is strongly attracted Etinor, as is she by him. Huff regards their maintance with hot jesiousy. Hilary is acci-stally killed in a bank robbery the gang has m. His share in the robbery is not sug-the police. Elinor lives on at the Kings-s with her old nurse, Honriette. Borolay and on empicion. In the absence of this parit of the gang Huff burns down Ward's house, knowing a large collection will be for its rebuilding and hoping to steal the ion. Elinor has forbidden Huff to commit a of sortlege, and she is furious at him for ring her. Learning that Huff plans to rob me, the calls up the derryman on the tele-nd, the calls up the derryman on the tele-sise to warn him. He comes to see her, carry-y the collection money with him and is about Heaft, who does without taking the money, and is numed back to health by Elinor. Bore-ied is numed back to health by Elinor. Bore-

CHAPTER XI.

in. He knew that now. And he you ad just come out of the Kingston "

oe. It was very, very bad. Boroday rode all the way into the The fact that Ward knew the truth sian knew that too.

When he had entered his apartment So systematic had old Hilary been icked back as the light went up.

den was strong.

"Well?" said Huff, defiantly. "Bit down," Boroday's tone was nd. He went to a closet and got out bottle of vodka.

"When did you have anything to

"I am not hungry. Nevertheless Boroday forced on him little bread and meat. "I didn't know you were out until

"Where have you been?" "Drinking my head off in a dive on

rtieth Street," said Huff, savagely, 'm all right now." "What got into you, Walter? For ou to turn on us like that—to expose

ery one of us, as you have"---"She was in love with him. I wish rd killed him."

Very patiently, Boroday told him at had happened. Over the matter of the Bryant pearl he passed as the significance of Elinor's placing it in the sims box. He went rather

"We would have got off with the untry Club matter well enough, but his murderous frenzy of yours has ed us all. We'll have to break p and get away. I want you to go at to Elinor's to-night."

"She will not see me." "I think she will," said Boroday. " int her to get away the first thing the morning. Let her empty the

He hesitated. Elinor's fortune in wels was becoming a menace. Whover took them in charge was possibly utting a halter around his neck. "Bring the jewels to me, if you

ave a chance. If it seems better perhaps you'd better bury them out there." "Where?"

"You might," said the Russian thoughtfully, "bury them in old Hil-ATY'S STAVO."

CHAPTER XII.

T was only an hour or so before dawn when Huff got to the Mall. There were no trains between midnight and morning. And Talbot's car, which he might have used, had been long delayed by his burst tire. He took a suburban trolley line for perhaps half the distance and walked the rest.

At 4 o'clock in the morning he pressed the arbor button, and old Henrietta, grumbling at this second listurbance of her rest, roused Elinor

Time was precious. Huff, having ing the announcing bell, made his way up through the dew to the house. And of it was that Elinor, opening the house door, met him face to face.

"I have brought you a message from Boroday," he said swiftly. "I've spoons.

Elinor hardly realized what he was saying. The light of horror had hardly died out of her eyes. To her, Walter, once her lover, now typified all of suffering and nearness to death that lay in old Hilary's room upstairs. "The first train leaves the city at 6 o'clock," he said, trying to keep his voice steady. "It is hardly likely they will be out so soon, but under some pretext or other they will search the

house this morning." "How can I leave the house Upstairs in father's room"-

"I know," he put in hastily. "I know all about it, Elinor, I am sorry. I am wildly sorry. It's no excuse to say I

"If I go away," Elinor said, with white lips, "how will they manage about him? The nurse needs so many things, and I-I see that she has them." A flame leaned into the boy's ever

swerving of a machine on he cares for you, you cannot marry a sound of steps on the staire, Huff the hill that had betrayed him. If he ever found out about started.

"He will never marry me. And-he does know."

y with the Chief a dozen seats be- about Elinor and the band brought d him. The Chief did not follow back to him their common peril. He a home. He knew where he lived, thrust aside, for the time at least, his md he could lay his hands on him passion and his despair; and calmly en he wanted him. He was going directed his energies toward preparwant him now pretty soon. The ing the house for the inevitable search.

d turned on the light he found Huff that there were few papers to destroy. standing by a window. The boy Such of the ledgers as were incriminating he burned in the furnace. For a moment the two eyed one an- Elinor's box of jewels he carried upher. Huff was unshaven, sunken- stairs and placed on the library table. eyed, dirty. The contrast between Such settings as had remained from

War and Women.

T TOW calmly men speak of war, of battle. Of the possible sand lives!

h! but to women the cannon's rattle Tells of mourning sisters and wives; Of brave boys marching out in the morning. And lying with upturned brows at

Of the swift death angel, with brief sharp warning.

Scattering broadcast blight:

maidens watching, waiting weeping again;

plain;

That from first to last is a woman's lot;

It take a girl along. Would it be proper if we asked them to bring their luncheons?" Of loathsome prisons where dear ones

Of sleepless nights and days all With wild conjectures and mighty while?"

With weeping and walled while?"

white?
With weeping and wailing and hope deferred. With hating the present and dreading ship. And oft repeating, "What news have you heard?"

And oft repeating. "What news have you heard?"

Yes, this is the meaning of war to woman:

Not brave, heroic, nor strong. I know:

Weak, no doubt; but she is so human. And the old-time Spartans died long ago. —Heart and Hand.

"K. D." writes: "For five months a gentleman took me out and made me various gifts. One day I had an appointment with him which he did not keep, and he told a friend afterward that I did not care for him well enough. Since then I have often seen him, but only once did I make any overtures and then only that we might

A COMPLETE NOVEL EACH WEEK IN THE EVENING WORLD

in Elinor's box.

for its size, and for the protective them on the table. wiring buried in its walls, it might pervous and elderly gentleman living is nothing to say, is there?"

It was too late by that time to try not to hate me, Elinor." been a fool and secoundrel and-it's bury the box as Boroday had suggested. Huff did the next best thing. died"-

phlox. Elipor worked hurriedly, but with gesture. hopeless eyes. Her preparations contravel. In this new life on which she was entering she wanted little to pay off the servants and the household accounts. In another envelope a note conveying it to Henriette.

"You can sell it," she wrote. "Good-by, dear Henriette. I shall never forget you, and if ever it is possible, be sure I shall see you again. when she and Walter again stood

face to face in the library. Huff was going at once. It was some one else. not Boroday's plan that any of them "If you care for him like that what should further incriminate Eliner by back at her with haggard eyes. It furrows between her eyes. Plain she to discover, through a stray resem-

> "The nurse going down, for ice," she explained. " "He is getting better, isn't he?"

THE unduly long engagement

do not mean that young persons

should marry after an acquaintance

of a few weeks or even of a few

months. If their acquaintance fol-

lows a normal course they will know

each other for some time before en-

gaging themselves. Then it seems to

me that unless the circumstances are

very unusual a period of at least a year should elapse between the an-nouncement of the engagement and the wedding day.

He wedding day.

But to allow engagements to stretch over a period of five or ten years—perhaps even longer—is a pity. It simply means that so many years of shared youth and happiness are wasted.

"B. R." writes: "Is it correct for a man, when asked who he is over the 'phone, to say 'Mr. So-and-so'?"

Certainly it is correct. What would

"E. M." writes: "I am nineteen and

am keeping house for two brothers and a sister. They object to my re-ceiving a young man who loves me and with whom I am in love. What

shall I do?"

If you really care for this young man I do not see why you should let yourself be influenced by the opinions of your brothers and sister. If they were your parents the case would be a

"P. D." writes: "I am going up to West Point with several friends to see

Yes, if you know them pretty well.

"A. M." writes: "Is it proper for a

ball game, and each of us i

Good Riddance

should be avoided whenever

possible. By that statement I

Long Engagements.

combination and closed it. Except take it, and she laid it down between lay there.

have been a family safe, built by a it, Walter," she said simply. "There gently outraged.

"I do not hate you. But if he

He buried it carefully in Elinor's Huff came swiftly around the table them?" garden, under a comp of crimson and taking both her hands in his, held them to his throat with a despairing

"If I didn't know that it would sisted in little more than putting on make you more more unhappy," he sharply, and picked up the book knelt very quietly by the bed, and the clothing in which she meant to said angrily. "I'd kill myself to-day."

"I'll tell you now. It won't change listened to the age-old arguments. to remind her of the old. A letter matters any, but perhaps it will So it was on such literature as this by exchanging one form of activity to Henriette contained enough money change your memory of me. Ever that Elinore had been reared! How for another, but with the less ardusince I've known you I've had one fair a plant to have grown thus in ous duties of his work there he had dream. You were to marry me and the dark! And as the nurse droned more time to think. He found the old she folded the deed to the house and I was going to turn straight. I could on, Ward came to realize how natural pain even greater; his restles have done it with your help. But and how inevitable had been her de- grew on him. In the three years since

> away. Elinor watched him wistfully, and more than that, would be have New York, and could feel his usefulgive. There could be no compromise so-good? between them. It must be all or noth- Toward dawn the nurse slept in her But the old zest of life was gon

It had been that unlucky are you going to do about it? Even if accompanying her to the train. At was as if he were impressing on his was, but kindly and full of gentle- blance, while his heart pounded and memory every light and shadow of her ness. Ward, lying awake, watched his blood raced, that his forgetting straight young figure. Then he went her. She was no longer very young, was only the numbress of suffering. out into that darkest hour of the He thought of the children who night that precedes the dawn.

gether in old Hilary's crucible and Elinor slowly drew off her engage- nurse had been reading to him. everything of gentleness and tenderplaced the gold and platinum nugget ment ring, and held it out to him Strange reading too, for the assistant ness reminded him of Elinor, his across the table. Although he was rector of St. Jude's, The books old thoughts swung round to her. He He had set the safe to a simple watching her, he made no move to Hilary had kept at his beside still closed his eyes, and dreamed the

> Even the nurse, accustomed "I don't think we need talk about many books for many men, was

closed, listening intently. At last the "I suppose not," he returned bitterly. He added: "If only you will nurse put down the book. "Why, it's frightful, it's outrageous, dream,

it's blasphemous! Do you really think I should read you any more of Ward smiled feebly.

"If you are afraid of the effect on

"Not at all," said the nurse almost again.

Ward lay back on his pillows and velopment. Reared in such soil, what Effnor's flight he had done many He dropped her hands and turned might he himself not have become; things. He had left Woffingham for The one thing he wanted she could not been one-haif so sweet, so tender, ness now only bounded by his

For the first time since his injury bosom and felt the touch of "Yes, but he still suffers at times." Ward's mind was quite clear. He tender hand.

consciously, all the night. To take love, teach her Infinite love; by show-Ward lay in his bad, his eyes half ing mercy and forgiveness and great tenderness, to lead her by these, His attributes to the Christ-this was his

> And because it brought hope and the house outside his door, took courage from his even breathing and ventured in. So light was his sleep that she dared not touch him. She kissed the corner of his pillow.

> Ward spent his Sabbatical year in Oxford. He had thought to find peace

ing, and she had given her all to chair. Her cap had fallen a little He was restless, heavier of epirit crooked, and the beautifying hand There had been times when he had In the doorway he turned and looked of alsep had touched away the small thought that he was forgetting, only Once, on the Strand in London, should have clung to her broad, flat came face to face with Boroday Ward would never forget that most ing, its quick hope which died into

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers come to a definite understanding. I am running after him. Has he Since then I have heard that he says treated me fairly, and is there any-Has he thing I can do? I feel badly about the

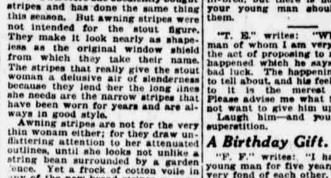
Why Your Clothes

Are Not Becoming

By Andre Dupont Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

The "Awning Stripe" Woman. STRIPES are the rage this summer—"awning stripes." Unfortunately for the new mode, these awning stripes are usually seen on the very last kind of woman who should wear them. Fashion authorities have unusual a period of at least a

been preaching to the lady who suffers from overmuch of "this too, too solid flesh" that stripes made her look thin. Therefore she obediently bought



outlines, until she looks not unlike string bean surrounded by a garden ence. Yet a frock of cotton voile in pinations of stripes, in blue and white onable color arrangement, is really charming if worn by the right
figure—the woman of medium height
who is neither too fat nor too thin. Such stripes give a pretty roundness to this figure that is most becoming. The woman who is a triffe taller can break the long lines of the stripes

The woman who is a triffe tailer can break the long lines of the stripes by bands of stripes running across the skirt, as shown in the illustration.

This dainty freek, which is made with the double skirt effect, is further adorned on the lower edge of each band and on the sleeves with tiny ruffles of white ribbon. Another glance at the illustration will show that the sleeves are also made up crosswise. So is the body portion of the waist, with the exception of two brettle-like bands that run over the shoulders. But the whole effect is charming; not too loud, but simply striking enough to make every beholder think how pretty it is. But he does not realize that this is just because it is worn by exactly the right woman.

"M. S." writes: "What is your opinion of a young man who invites two young ladies to the theatre, while on the car sees some young lady to the theatre, while on the car sees some young lady to the theatre, while on the theatre, while on the car sees some young lady to on the said the air was very still.

"Hello, Mr. Man in the Moon," began the Baby. "How are you?"

"I am all right," said a voice outside which seemed to come from high up in the sky. "I was fast asleep, you little rascal, and if you ever do that again I will come down there are not spanked before!"

With that the Baby Baboon scooted to unpleasant comment in this suspected to see Mr. Giraffe running away in the moonlight. Then be sat down and laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed.

WILL B. JOHNSTONE

whole affair."

The man has acted like a cad, and you should be thankful that you are rid of his friendship.

"A. A." writes: "I am engaged to a young man. Next door to my fland lives a young lady who frequently asks him to come and see her, and who entertains him evenings, together with her girl friend. These young ladies are acquainted with me and know of my engagement. My flance says he does not like to refuse their invitations. What shall I do?"

Tell your flance frankly that he is not showing you proper respect when

not showing you proper respect when he makes a practice of going to the house of another girl. She and her friends are showing themselves to be ill-bred, but there is no reason why your young man should encourage them.

"T. E." writes: "While a young man of whom I am very fond was in the act of proposing to me something happened which he says is a sign of bad luck. The happening is too silly to tell about, and his feeling in regard to it is the merest superstition. Please advise me what to do, as I do not want to give him up." not want to give him up."

Laugh him—and yourself—out of superstition.

"F. F." writes: "I have known a young man for five years and we are very fond of each other, although not engaged. Would it be proper for me to present him with a little gift for his birthday, and if so what shall I give him?"

aim?"
It would be perfectly proper for you candy.

"M. S." writes: "What is your

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENING! By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"I have not seen her," he said. "I She was in front of him, in the pram always looking. Perhaps she is garb of an English army name. wise, to break with us all. Still, we it was no recombiance that reshe was like my own child."

don, he said. While, of course, he he saw that, and her shoulders he old life for good. He held out his rose from her knees at last, she hand and the Russian took it. quite calm.

"If I hear anything," Boroday said, "I'll let you know. Once or twice after she landed, and again from way she knew to reach me. I've never

"Then you think she may England?" Ward asked eagerly. The Russian shrugged his shoul-

"Perhaps, if she is living. She So, after all, Ward took an extra moved slowly out of the church. If she were gone, beyond earthly she was seeking what he himself beginning only, a door to eternity, hely roof. the London streets until dawn.

end of his course there. Home was greetings were out of place, and wicalling, and work, blessed work, that was there to say? brings forgetfulness.

On the last Sunday before he sailed he attended service in St. Paul's. He nor," he said. taken his young brain by storm and of them noticed. his faith had rocked, he had gone to "I am sorry you have found a St. Paul's. Something in the very have tried so hard to bury myse who had lived and died secure in its ored for speech.

teachings, had steadled him. And now, when it was his heart that failed, and not his soul, he went ner."

Jungle Tales.

G OOD MORNING," said the "Good morning, yourself," said the fellow with the long neck. "I want you to do me a favor," said the Baby. "I am going to Jimmy's house to-night, and as it is full moon I want you to put your head outside of Jimmy's window and when I talk to the Man in the Moon,

will be there. The moon was sailing over the sky, playing hide-and-go-seek with the clouds when the Baby Baboon arrived at Jimmy's house. They went upstairs to Jimmy's room and the Baby Baboon said: "Jimmy, did you ever talk to the Man in the Moon?"

"No," said Jimmy, "and you never did, either." "and I am going to talk to him

again to-night." "Go ahead," said Jimmy, as they while I was watching the clock. I

He had taken a clerkship in Lon-dently in tears. She was very thin; healing and great peace, after a time did not say so, Ward read between convulsively. But as the convince he slept. Elinor, standing sione in his words that he was done with the went on she grew quieter. When the It was then that he know her Ward watched her with an ache she wrote me; from Liverpool once, his throat. She looked frail, and. Alafter she landed, and again from ways in his mind he had pictured her here. Then the police closed up the in her summer garden, a flower her-Dago's place, which was the only self among her flowers, or as she had

looked that night in old Hilary's library, the night when, to cave h she had told him the shameful truth about herself. And now he found he here, wearing the garb of service, and on her knees!

So fearful was he of losing her that not strong. Sometimes I wonder"—— he stayed close as the congregation oang away with him from the chance did not intend to go; he caw that meeting. What if, after all, his like stepped out of the crowd and watching and waiting meant nothing? waited. He thought it probable that finding? Death for him might be a once sought-a quiet hour under

but all the philosophy and hope of And so it was that they came face his first faith did not fill his empty to face again. She put her hand to human arms. That night he walked her throat, with the familiar posture, when she saw him. For a me He came back from Oxford at the neither of them spoke. The or

It was Ward who spoke at last. "It doesn't seem quite possible, Eli

knew the church well. In those She had never been "Elinor" to earlier days when philosophy had him save in his thoughts. But neither

solidity of the old church, in its It was increasingly hard for him antiquity, in the nearness of those to speak. All the things that had dead and gone great ones of the earth lain in his heart for three years clam-

"You are-quite well again?" Perfectly. But you? You are thin-

"I have worked hard and, of cou I have suffered. It was not easy-tear myself away from the fi

And then, at last, he broke tate speech, rapid, incoherent. He blamed simself for his hardness that night in old Hilary's library, he con himself for a thousand things. She listened, rather bewildered, with the old wistfulness in her eyes.

"Why should you my such things? she asked at last, when he stor from sheer panic. "You were right I was a criminal. I have been learning things since then. You were always kind to me. I have never forget

"Kind!" He almost groaned. She held out her hand. "I must ge now. My time is not my own." She gianced down at her uniform. "Do you remember what you said to me once about the brotherhood of man? I have been trying to live up to that." Ward took her hand. It was very

"I remember almost everything you told me. Even the things, that night.

remember them all." The church was empty, save for a verger here and there, busy about his duties. Quite suddenly Ward lost his

"And I-I remember everything too. Your smile, your eyes that night when I was carried into the housemy dear, my dear, you are written

on my heart." He bent over, shaken and pale, and kissed the paim of her hand.

"It is you who are good," he said huskily. "I, who talked smugly of virtue and tenderness and pity, and who let you go out of my life-I care for you more than I care for anything in this world. I want you I By Hazen Conklin want you."

Elinor's eyes turned toward the high altar with its crocs. Always, when she looked at it, she had seen the cross at Saint Jude's, and the dawn, and sparrows drinking out of the wet gutter at her feet. "I want you," said Ward, and watt-

ed, frightened.

mer address.

But her eyes came back to him, clear and full of promise. "I have always loved you," she said simply. "I will so with you. And your God shall be my God."

(THE END.)

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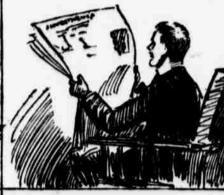
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